

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

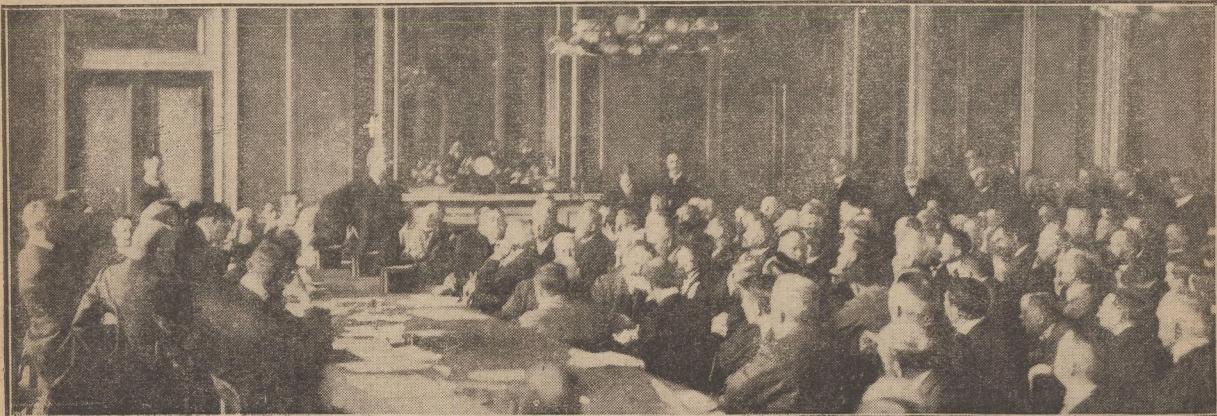
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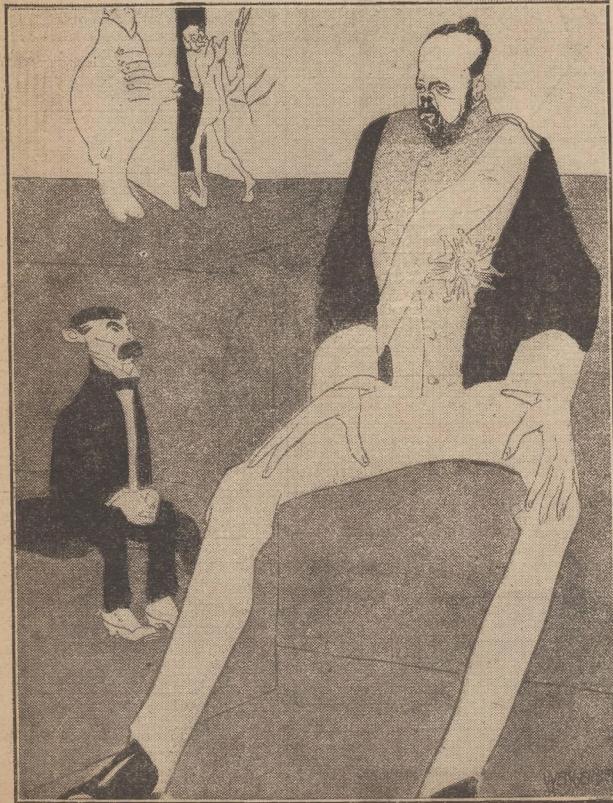
One Halfpenny.

YESTERDAY'S FRENZIED MEETING OF ALLSOPP SHAREHOLDERS.



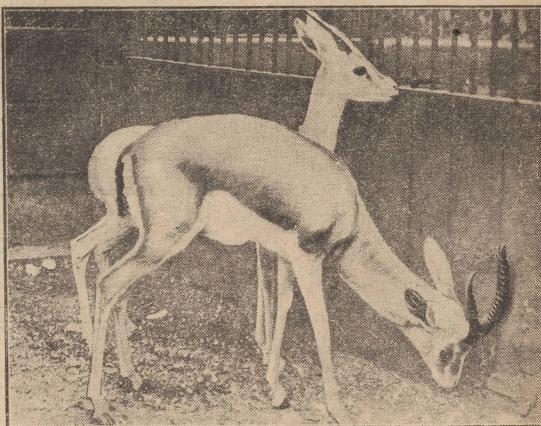
Mr. Hugh Mayberry, of Glasgow (indicated in the photograph by a cross), moving at the annual general meeting of Messrs. Allsopp and Sons, at Cannon-street, that the directors' report be not adopted, and that a committee be appointed to investigate the affairs of the company. He claimed that the diminution of profits was not due to trade depression, but to mismanagement.

GERMAN VIEW OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



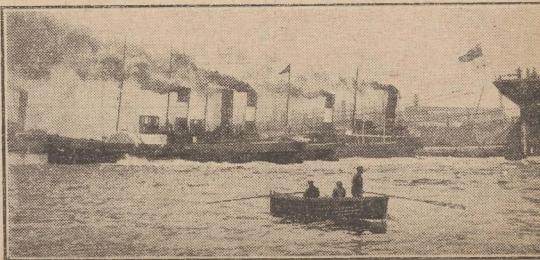
A cartoon from "Jugend." The cartoonist shows M. Witte saying to Baron Komura, "The Tsar bears you Japanese no ill-will over the war. You can keep Tokio!" Meanwhile the angel of peace is being shown out of the door in the background.

ROYAL PETS AT THE ZOO.



The Queen personally visited the Zoological Gardens before leaving for Scotland to arrange for the accommodation of these gazelles, which belong to her Majesty, and had been kept at Buckingham Palace.

MISHAP AT A LAUNCH.



During the launch of the steamship Vancouver at Glasgow the vessel stuck fast on the ways. Our photograph shows tugs at work endeavouring to drag her into the water.

WITI ESPAIRS OF PEACE.

Little Hope of Settling the Question of Indemnity.

WEARY DIPLOMAT.

"All the Cards on the Table" on Monday.

All indications go to show that the great Peace Conference at Portsmouth (U.S.A.) between Russia and Japan will break up on Monday.

The plenipotentiaries have reached the critical stage of their negotiations. They are discussing the indemnity question. They will discuss it today and to-morrow, but on Monday dramatic developments may be expected.

To quote the graphic message from Reuter's correspondent on the scene, "when they meet on Monday the last cards will be thrown on the table. If any bargaining is to be done, that will be the moment."

"The result should be sudden. The plenipotentiaries will meet with their protocols drawn up for signature and will part or stay according to their ability to agree."

WEARY M. WITTE.

"I am doing all I can for peace," remarked M. Witte, on returning from one of the sittings tired out, and speaking in a hopeless way.

"Of the eight articles already considered I have yielded on seven. No other statesman in Russia would have dared to do so much. I have done this on my own responsibility."

M. Matsumoto, the Japanese deputy accompanying the mission, says he does not see how an agreement could be reached in view of Russia's refusal to accept the two chief clauses.

Russia, says Reuter's correspondent, by her acceptance of Articles VII. and VIII., in connection with Articles III., IV., and VI., surrenders every vestige of her ambition in Manchuria.

There are persistent rumours, he continues, that several Powers, including the United States, were bringing pressure to bear upon Japan to forego the cost of the war, and to content herself with such other compensation as she could secure.

This concession should be contingent upon Russia eventually agreeing to cede Saghalien. This will doubtless be the line of ultimate compromise, if any compromise be made. Japan will make a stiff fight for the possession of the entrenched warships.

According to a St. Petersburg dispatch received in Cologne the Tsar is reported to have signed an order for a general mobilisation to take place early in September, in case peace is not declared by that time.

A LONELY FIGURE.

PORTSMOUTH (N. H.), Thursday.—Probably the loneliest man in the world at this moment is Professor Maartens. The Japanese refused to accept him as an extra delegate, and the dignity of such an authority on international law would not allow him to act as a simple secretary.

The result is that a solitary old gentleman is often seen, always buried in a book—Professor Maartens killing time. A pessimistic observer remarked: "Author of several volumes on the treaties of Russia, is he here to explain that this treaty will not be a treaty?"—Laffan.

PARADOXICAL RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg Teems with Pleasure-Seekers Despite the National Calamities.

"These people who want to murder me," said General Treppoff on receiving a blue paper threat of assassination, "have nothing better than grocers' paper to write on."

Next day he received a fair parchment with the same warning in a delicate handwriting.

But this is little indicative of the present state of affairs in St. Petersburg, where, says a correspondent, everyone seems determined to have as good a time as possible until the final ruin. Summer gardens, theatres, and cafes are crammed every night.

War, strikes, peasant revolts, and bad trade are keeping people in town, and St. Petersburg is this summer quite an agreeable resort.

NORWAY'S HOME RULE MAJORITY.

By 368,200 votes to 184, Norway, states Reuter, has decided to separate from Sweden.

That this has been a thoroughly representative poll is proved by the fact that at the last general election only 236,641 votes were recorded.

"EDGAR THE EAGLE."

His Flying Machine Falls In the Mud, Leaving Him in Mid-Air.

RESCUED BY ROPES.

Undaunted, Mr. Edgar Wilson, of Pimlico, yesterday afternoon made some aerial experiments at Wembley Park with his flying-machine, which is fashioned on the noble lines of the eagle.

The management of Wembley Park had erected for his assistance in emulating the flight of the king of birds a scaffold sixty feet high by the side of the lake.

They did so because they considered that would be safer for Mr. Wilson than the platform of Wembley Tower, from which he at first wished to fly.

Bitter had been Mr. Wilson's disappointment when the London police had refused to allow him to soar over Westminster Bridge, and he looked to Wembley Park to prove he was no mere visionary with flights of fancy only.

With a doctor in attendance below, Mr. Wilson cheerfully permitted himself to be hoisted, by means of ropes and pulleys, some forty feet up, holding his outstretched wings of bamboo and canvas below him for experimental purposes.

FELL BEAK FIRST.

At a given signal the aeronaut let his machine go, but instead of gracefully descending and skimming over the surface of the water the huge kite dropped like a stone and buried itself "beak" first in the mud.

Up above the inventor swung helplessly, for the rope had stuck, and it was impossible to lower him again.

So suspended in mid-air, he remained until his assistants, by aid of a rope round his waist, were able to pull him in from his perilous position between sky and water.

Then, by the friendly aid of a scaffold-pole and a ladder, Mr. Wilson descended, cheerful despite his actual adventures.

From the depths of the lake his apparatus was recovered by means of a punt, and Mr. Wilson announces that he will continue his "trial glides" and experiments until he is able to give public exhibitions of his skill.

His attempts yesterday were watched with much interest by the swans.

Seen by the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Wilson said he was confident that success would eventually crown his efforts.

"It will take six or seven attempts like this," he said after the rescue of his machine. "I am not in the least discouraged!"

KING EDWARD "MOBBED."

Crowds Dog His Footsteps at Marienbad—Expected Meeting with the Kaiser.

King Edward left the Weimar Hotel at Marienbad early yesterday morning, says the Central News correspondent, and was present at the promenade concert on the Corso before seven o'clock.

A large crowd dogged his Majesty's every step, and from the time of his leaving the hotel until his return to it the King suffered from the pressing attentions of the visitors.

At the beginning of last year's holiday, in the same town, his Majesty was much annoyed by the curious crowds which persisted in following him everywhere. The King was at one time forced to return to his hotel by these unwelcome attentions.

Two days later the curious had grown accustomed to his Majesty's presence, and the annoyance was abated.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Matin" telegraphs that King Edward will have a meeting with the Kaiser on his return from Marienbad.

LORD MAYOR'S APPEALS.

Sir Thomas Shann Again Urges a Settlement in the Cotton Industry.

At the adjourned sitting of the cotton conference at Manchester Town Hall yesterday the delegates discussed the operatives' proposals that the masters should give the increase asked for during the next two months, and that the wages question should be reconsidered at the end of that time.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester again appealed to the delegates to make a temporary settlement which would enable them to set up machinery to prevent automatically a recurrence of so dangerous a situation.

ENGLAND'S "FUNNY COAST."

In a delightful article on the watering-places in the south of England, the "Echo de Paris" translates the "Côte Solilée" (sunny coast) as "Funny Coast."

My dear Gallic visitors find it so!

STRICKEN SPAIN.

Armed Bands of Famished Labourers Terrorise the Country.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MADRID, Wednesday.—Open anarchy prevails in the famine districts of Andalusia, Castile, and Aragon. Government has been brought almost to a standstill, and Spain is face to face with a disaster graver than the loss of her Colonies.

Over an area half as large as England the people are without the necessities of life. At least 200,000 labourers and their wives and children are in desperate straits.

Bankruptcy and the loss of credit are affecting trade and commerce throughout the country. Everywhere shops are being pillaged.

In addition to the almost total lack of harvest, farmers are faced by the loss of their stock.

Sheep and cattle farms are being raidied by bands of starving men. The animals are stolen, killed, and the flesh shared out on the spot.

Bands of men, in some cases numbering 3,000 or 4,000, and armed with rifles and knives, wander about the country and terrorise the people.

In the larger towns, where strong garrisons are kept, the banks are stringently guarded.

The Government has ordered the authorities of Andalusia to instill soup kitchens in towns and villages in the famine districts.

In official circles here the gravest respects are feared. The state of affairs is as bad as that which provoked the great peasant rising of 1862.

RISE AND FALL OF ALLSOPP'S.

Profit of Over £1,000 a Day Turned Into a Heavy Loss.

STORMY SCENES.

From £486,000 profit to £41,000 loss—such was the decadence of a great firm as told at the meeting of Allsopp and Sons, Ltd., yesterday.

The magical rise of Allsopp's was once one of the leading romances of trade. That was in the days when the man who built up the great brewery business was mounting to the peerage and giving away churches in Burton.

Less than twenty years have passed since his death.

Had the first Lord Hindlip, who, as plain Mr. Henry Allsopp, shaped the concern into a business with a profit-making capacity of nearly half a million a year, been alive to-day, and yesterday had been present at this annual meeting of the firm, he would have seen, instead of smiles on the faces of the shareholders, expressions of the deepest indignation and disappointment.

Would have heard, too, such criticisms and remarks as:—

Falling off in sales.

Diminution in profits and increase of the cost of management.

The directors are feathering their nests.

They should amalgamate with other concerns.

Incompetent directors—honest, but incompetent.

The disgraceful and scandalous financial operations which had made the name of Allsopp a by-word.

One can imagine the splendid old business man who knew how trade was made and profits produced turning sadly away from this pitiful scene of ruin, and thinking how different things were when he was at the helm.

FRENZIED SCENES.

The frenzied scenes of yesterday were but the natural expression of the shareholders' feelings at seeing the steady crumbling away of the world's greatest business.

Took them little comfort from the belief of the chairman that with the return of good trade generally there might be anticipated a magical effect upon Allsopp's sales, or from his agreeable remark that their lager beer was going ahead all over the world.

When indeed forgetting the £41,000 loss, Mr. Stewart proceeded to speak pleasantly of the plant at Burton, and wished the shareholders would come down and see it, he was rudely brought down to the cruel facts by the roar, "Pay us a dividend and we'll come!"

And all the while, in the body of the hall, angry shareholders were fuming and fretting.

"Every move the board had made since they took up their position," said one speaker, "had been followed by a decline in the value of the shares, and now shares that were once worth £60 can be got for £7 10s."

"Reject the report," shouted another shareholder.

COMMITTEE APPOINTED.

The end of three hours' uproar and disorder was that the report was adopted subject to the appointment of a committee by the shareholders to confer with the board.

It was a crisis in the history of Allsopps—a history that until a few years ago was a narrative of success after success.

The business had only small beginnings.

In the eighteenth century the daughter of Benjamin Wilson, owner of a flourishing Burton brewery, married James Allsopp, who became manager and subsequently proprietor of the business.

A son was born whom he called Samuel—the father of the future Lord Hindlip.

Samuel was intended for the Church, but he found his forte in beer. He had a genius for "getting on," and the brewery grew.

He created a foreign trade. Russia took Allsopp's beer in large quantity. Why not India?

The man of brains experimented, and the result was "Indian Pale Ale," which, in the hot climate of our great dependency, had an immediate success. As Samuel was clever, so was his son, Henry, enterprising.

He was American in his methods, and the brewery became one of the wonders of Burton.

When he formed the concern into a company the little business of Benjamin Wilson was averaging a yearly profit of almost a quarter of a million—all out of beer and brains!

Before he died the son of astute Samuel Allsopp had become a peer, and had discovered the secret of making a profit of over £1,000 a day.

In the year 1903 Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, Limited, had so far forgotten the secret as to record a loss of £21,000.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is—

Easterly to southerly winds; fair at first, rain by afternoon or evening; warm.

Lightning-up time, 8.17 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

LONDON, THE SPENDTHRIFT.

Her Budget Shows Gigantic Increase of Financial Burdens.

MILLIONS IN "INTEREST."

During the year ending next March the London County Council expects to spend nine millions and a half of the ratepayers' money.

London's budget was contained in a White-paper issued yesterday by direction of the House of Commons.

The amount of stock issued by the London County Council and still unredeemed is £63,970,950. During the year ended last March £7,500,000 worth of stock was issued, and the value of £290,000 cancelled, so that London's burden, which as the central authority is concerned, was increased by over seven millions.

How It Was Spent.

The uses to which this money was put were various. They included improvements of many kinds, extensions of travelling facilities, and loans to borough councils. Among the items of expenditure were the following:

Aeroplane	£70,575	Parks	£52,835
Bridges and		Street improvements	897,075
Tunnels	205,693	Thames	380,812
Courts		steam-boats	56,823
Education	305,625	Thames	801,311
Fire Brigade	76,855	barges	
Historic buildings	45	Traffic to borough councils	1,420,000
Housing	149,768	Main drainage	379,710

Among the receipts was the sum—£434—paid for the use of rowing-boats in the parks.

Mammoth Interest.

One of the heaviest items of the total expenditure of £9,494,355 anticipated for this year by the finance committee amounts to £2,033,752, and comes under the heading of "Interest on money borrowed." Other expenses have been provided for as follows:—

Criminal prosecution, etc.	£45,625	Infant life protection	875
Education	4,200,000	Diseases of structures	6,910
Fire Brigade	247,735	Gas testing	4,635
Parks and open spaces		Gasworks and music-hall	
Police	132,500	Libraries	
Tides gauges	120	Police statistics	108,625
Inquests	32,120	Precautions against plague	100
Burial of dead bodies	150	Police protection	63,450
Prevention of fires		of debt	1,179,247
Temporary floods	1,045	Precautions against smallpox	500
Naming and numbering streets	1,160		
Debtors' animals	13,835		

Loans to Boroughs.

The following table shows at a glance the loans granted to the borough councils last year by the L.C.C., and the actual indebtedness of each authority when the last loan was granted:—

	Loans	Indebtedness.
Battersea	£72,368	£691,998
Bethnal Green	40,861	136,000
Camberwell	66,176	417,783
Dentford	10,000	12,000
Fulham	9,244	111,984
Grosvenor	61,345	426,829
Hackney	7,774	53,842
Hammersmith	108,231	538,842
Hampstead	44,124	335,882
Hastings	14,100	52,700
Kensington	160,959	625,394
Lambeth	29,175	300,000
Leicester	20,000	288,600
Poplar	16,095	172,650
Stephenson	71,651	529,000
St. Pancras	1,200	173,000
Shoreditch	45,997	82,435
Southwark	40,482	736,554
Stephenson	1,200	259,000
Stoke Newington	43,973	324,256
Wandsworth	2,350	46,750
Westminster	69,470	247,000
Woolwich	52,326	888,742
	62,435	390,922

The amount advanced to borough councils during the year was £22,663,851, and the amount lent to unions £20,230. The total amount advanced to all metropolitan public bodies up to last March was £40,000,000.

L.C.C. STEAMER LEAKING.

Voyage Suddenly Stopped and Passengers Landed with All Speed.

There was a startling incident during the voyage of the London County Council steamer Carlisle from Woolwich to Westminster yesterday.

One of the crew came up and informed the captain that the vessel was leaking. Upon investigation this was found to be true, and so much water had made its way into the boat that the captain decided to land his passengers at once.

The Carlisle was taken alongside the Commercial Docks Pier, and all her passengers requested to leave her.

AFRAID TO BIRCH HIS SON.

Newcastle magistrates yesterday declined the request of a father that his thirteen-year-old son should be officially birched for stealing from him. It was his duty, they said.

"But," he pleaded, "I am very sharp-tempered. I may go too far." "If you do, you will be brought up here," was the reply.

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

Colonial Exhibits, Worth Thousands of Pounds, on View at the Guildhall.

It is pleasant to handle gold; it is good to feel the yellow nugget in your palm.

All day yesterday at the Guildhall people were testing with lumps of precious metal, and only one solitary, sad-faced policeman stood between them and fortune!

There was one little nugget called the Maitland Bar. It rested lightly in your hand—£1,236 worth. Another was known as the Mother Shipton quartz, the 258 ounces of which made a man richer by £1,033.

All this gold was contained in a small glass case at which those who were not privileged to touch stared eagerly. A stranger might have thought that he was "in the gold reefed city."

The truth was very prosaic; it was part of an exhibition promoted by the Colony of New South Wales to advertise its wealth of mineral resource.

GENERAL AND THE CHILDREN.

Head of the Salvation Army Prays for Little Ones by the Solway Firth

General Booth is now triumphantly motoring Cumberland. He was given a great reception at Whitehaven, where the whole of the inhabitants turned out to cheer him.

The General spoke to big crowds at Workington, a steel town not far from the sea, yesterday, and at Flimby, a bleak shore of Solway Firth, where several hundred school-children were seated by the roadside, their master in their midst.

The General stopped and told them to be good and industrious, and prayed for them.

KISSED THE MINISTER.

Kensit Preachers at Douglas Cause Demonstration by Deciding to Go To Prison

Douglas, the capital of the Isle of Man, which never lacks for variety, had a new diversion yesterday.

A minister was publicly kissed in the local police court by a charming young girl.

The cause of this outbreak of admiration was the fact that the minister so favoured—Mr. McTaggart—and two Kensit preachers, Messrs. Chivens William Steele and Fisher Ferguson Kent, were prosecuted by the Douglas Corporation under the by-law which forbids preaching on Douglas shore within twenty yards of the roadway.

The stipendiary decided against the preachers and fined each of them 1s, or four days' imprisonment.

The preachers dramatically announced their intention of going to gaol, whereupon the crowd in court cheered lustily, while Mr. McTaggart commenced to pray aloud.

POISON FOR GINGER-BEER.

Pathetic Tragedy in the Lives of Three Poor, Aged, Lonely Women.

Strangely pathetic was the story of the manner of life of three lonely, aged women, which was revealed yesterday at the inquest on Elizabeth Jupp.

They were sisters, living at Cambridge Heath, where two of them, Sophie and Annie, worked at waistcoat-making, while watching over Elizabeth, aged seventy-two, who was not right in her mind.

Seeing some liquid in a ginger-beer bottle in the room, Elizabeth and Annie, thinking it was a delicacy, drank it. It was carbolic acid. The two sisters were taken seriously ill; Elizabeth expiring last Sunday.

Death by Misadventure was the verdict returned, the coroner remarking on the danger of not putting poisons into properly labelled bottles.

CANNOT GROW COTTON.

Government Experiment in Gambia Proves Absolutely Futile.

Cotton-growing in Gambia is a failure, states the Acting Colonial Secretary in an official report issued yesterday.

It is feared that the cultivation of cotton in this Colony is impossible, the soil being too sandy. The endeavour on the part of the Government to foster the trade has resulted in a substantial loss.

A great quantity of seed was distributed gratis, but the reports received are most unsatisfactory.

IS MAN PLAYED OUT?

Women Deserting Lowly Employment To Oust Their Brothers.

STRIKING FIGURES.

Woman is gradually usurping man's place as a bread-winner in the higher lines of employment.

Professor W. L. Bodine, of Chicago, says that the above statement holds true in the United States, and the census returns prove that it is a fact in the United Kingdom.

The Chicago professor says that man's supremacy is being most sharply attacked by woman in the commercial, professional, and governmental occupations. The figures in Great Britain indicate that man is gradually losing his hold in all these fields.

With the invasion of the commercial field by woman she has forsaken her traditional occupations. In spite of the increase in population during the past ten years the number of women in domestic and agricultural pursuits has actually decreased.

In 1891 the number of women in commercial pursuits in England was 27,734—but five per cent. of the people thus employed.

The census figures for 1901 show that 80,332 women have taken their places alongside the men in commerce, fully eleven per cent. of the commercial employees.

Woman has also shown her grip upon governmental affairs, both local and general. In 1891 ten per cent. of the Government employees were women, while in 1901 the percentage had risen to thirteen.

That the woman of the fields is becoming a figure of the past is shown by the fact that the number of women employed in agriculture has fallen from 171,929 to 152,642.

The decrease in women in domestic service was from 2,170,233 to 2,055,725.

And at the same time men are being driven out of the field by women workers in all sorts of occupations that were a few years ago only open to men.

Spirit of the Times.

That woman is in many cases striving for the "mastery" cannot be denied. A case humorously illustrating the spirit of the times was heard at Barnsley yesterday.

A minister was publicly kissed in the local police court by a charming young girl.

The cause of this outbreak of admiration was the fact that the minister so favoured—Mr. McTaggart—and two Kensit preachers, Messrs. Chivens William Steele and Fisher Ferguson Kent, were prosecuted by the Douglas Corporation under the by-law which forbids preaching on Douglas shore within twenty yards of the roadway.

The stipendiary decided against the preachers and fined each of them 1s, or four days' imprisonment.

Mrs. W.—says he has some bad conditions with him and some nasty ways, but she says if you like you can prove master over him. You must try and frighten him somehow, because he is a coward at the bottom of him.

P.S.—He will not be a long liver. You must put your trust in God and the angel friends. Ask them to help you.

On the strength of this letter Mrs. Batty insured her husband's life, and hoped for the best. But things not improving she had just applied to the Barnsley Bench, who have granted her a separation order, with 3s. a week alimony.

STERN CHASE ON CYCLES.

Exciting Three Miles Pursuit of Burglars Ends in Capture of One.

Discovered by the servants in a house in Brondesbury Park, a burglar dropped from a window and fled, together with two other men who had been waiting near.

Learning this, Mr. Britten, a journalist, gave chase, and with another cyclist pursued the men for three miles. When about to seize the men they took to the railway and doubled backwards and forwards and through houses, but one was eventually arrested.

At Willesden yesterday Sidney George was charged with the burglary and committed for trial, while the cycling journalist was highly commended.

MORE LUCKY SERVANTS.

Out of a fortune of £218,422, Mr. Wm. Stobart, of Pepper Arden, Northallerton, colliery proprietor, left legacies of £50 each to four of his servants, £150 to his farm bailiff, and a life annuity of £100 to his late wife's maid.

Known as "Uncle Tom," Mr. Thomas Wall, of Droytwich, a prominent agriculturist, left his housekeeper £200.

DRUIDS AT STONEHENGE.

Members of the Ancient Order of Druids, from all parts of England, will gather at Stonehenge on August 24 to revive the mysteries and rules of the prehistoric priests of Britain.

SAND CASTLE BUILDERS.

"Daily Mirror" Competitors Busy on Yarmouth Beach To-day.

This afternoon, at two o'clock, the fourth *Daily Mirror* castle-building competition will be held on the south beach sands at Yarmouth, near the jetty.

They are golden sands in more senses than one for three prizes of £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. will be awarded for the best sand edifices built upon them to-day.

Alderman Thomas Green, J.P., Deputy Mayor, and Councillor John Goode, have promised to act as judges, with the assistance of Miss Elsie Mayo, Mayoress of Yarmouth, who will also present the prizes.

Any one under twenty-one may compete, either singly or in parties not exceeding six persons each. Each party must have a leader, who, in the event of its success, will receive the prize. Any tools may be used, and any kind of sand edifice may be constructed.

Every competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

Small children need not be discouraged by the thought of competing with their elders—at Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs children were as successful as their grown-up rivals.

No need single builders fear to compete with parties of several persons—the fine first prize at the Boardstairs contest was entirely the work of one builder—Master B. Hickman.

The north will have its turn next week, when competitions will be held at Scarborough on Monday and Blackpool on Wednesday.

PRETTY MARRIAGE SCENE.

Child Bridesmaids Distribute Flowers at the Wedding of Lord Sudeley's Daughter.

It was a fashionable throng that invaded Ham Common, a quiet old-world spot in Surrey favoured by cyclists, to witness the wedding yesterday of the Hon. Rhona Hanbury-Tracy, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Sudeley, of Ormeley Lodge, Ham, to Mr. Bertram Abel Smith, a member of the wealthy banking family.

There were many distinguished guests, including the Earl of Dysart, Lord and Lady Ponsonby, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild and Lord and Lady Charles Beresford.

The bride was attended by seven bridesmaids—all children dressed in white silk muslin with pink sashes and lace hats, and carrying baskets of pink and white flowers, which they distributed among the guests.

FROM COMFORT TO POVERTY.

City Tradesman Who Paid £500 a Year Rent Now Among West Ham Unemployed.

During the enrolment of the unemployed on the register at West Ham yesterday a man who described himself as a tailor's assistant produced an agreement dated a few years ago which showed that he paid £500 a year rent for a shop in Cannon-street, City.

Bad times came, and he had gradually drifted into the almost permanently unemployed. He has at times already served in the stone yard and upon other relief works under the corporation.

His oldest boy has also signed the books as wanting work, being a mess-room steward, and his only daughter who can do anything gives her mother 2s. a week out of the 3s. which she receives. Only two children are working out of the six to be provided for.

The number of unemployed registered reached nearly 2,000 yesterday.

BOX AND COX AGAIN.

Extraordinary Revelations of Overcrowding and Sub-Letting in Westminster.

"The high price of land and property in Westminster," says the Medical Officer, in his annual report just circulated, "leads to overcrowding."

Sub-leasing is resorted to in order to cover expenses, and an instance is quoted where one set of lodgers occupy the beds during the day, and another set at night.

In a vault extending under a main thoroughfare forty-five men were found employed addressing envelopes. Even supposing the place had been suitable there was only room for seventeen.

Mention is also made of a Court milliner's workshop in which twelve women and girls were employed, whilst the accommodation was really limited to half that number.

Fire broke out in the basement of a tarpaulin manufactory in Tooley-street yesterday. Luckily the premises are nearly opposite the fire-station, and the smartness of the brigade prevented another of those disastrous conflagrations for which the neighbourhood is unpleasantly notorious.

CITY LIFE A NATIONAL DANGER.

Striking Condemnation by Physician of World-Wide Repute.

PRaise OF THE COUNTRY.

A striking condemnation of town life and the increasing size of our great cities was delivered by Sir James Crichton-Browne yesterday.

In his presidential address to the conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, which opened in London yesterday, he said:—

"If cities go on growing at the present rate, and under existing conditions, they will dry up the reservoirs of strength in the population and leave an immense proletariat of inferior quality."

No one, he said, would underrate the importance of the part played by food in physical development, but he felt it was going too far to say, as had been said at Leicester, that the whole of the unfitness of the race was due to lack of food.

He felt those present would agree that of the environmental conditions of the people most urgently in need of consideration was their housing. From all parts of the country came complaints of overcrowding in wretched dwellings.

Town Dwellers Shortened Lives.

In London 300,000 persons were living in one-room tenements, in which privacy and decency were impossible. That the townsman was shorter-lived than the countryman was incontrovertible.

Dr. Tatham had calculated that in the rural districts of England the average expectation of life at birth was 51.48 years for males and 54.04 for females, whereas in the great cities it is only 28.78 for males and 32.67 for females. That meant that every male had to sacrifice ten years and each female nine years of life for the privilege of being born in an urban area.

As a compensation for the disadvantages of town life, we were told that concentration of population in cities best promoted the process of bringing capable men to the front.

But was this so? The educational ladders provided hitherto to enable children of the humbler class to climb up in the social scale were mounted by the nimble, the precocious, and the quick-witted, whose intellectual energies were in many instances soon exhausted.

Intellect from the Country.

Around the foot of these ladders there remained numbers of children of really finer intellectual power, but slower growth than those who had scrambled up them.

Many of our finest intellectuals had sprung from the unintellectual class, and genius was generally more or less of a sport.

It was his view that any dearth of ability from which we might be suffering was to be ascribed not so much to the infertility of the cultivated classes. It was rather due to the artificial production of stupidity in various ways, and to the incessant draining from the country, which is the fit and proper breeding place and rearing ground of intellect, of the best elements of our people.

These were swallowed up and exterminated or deteriorated in our big towns.

TOO MANY MEALS.

Warning to the Healthy of the Peril Besetting a Good Appetite.

For people who dine in the evening the growing custom of having a sit-down meal for five o'clock tea is a serious danger, states the "Medical Press Circular."

Some people, urged by the healthy appetites raised by motoring, are having four, and even five, square meals a day, when two should suffice for the most active and robust.

In America nothing is eaten between lunch and dinner, and among many of the English middle classes, and in Scotland and Germany, dinner is taken at midday and tea is high tea.

LONDON'S FOREIGN INVASION.

Hotel managers state that since the Coronation London has never been so full of visitors as at the present time. Everywhere one meets groups of sight-seeing foreigners.

We publish on pages 8 and 9 some interesting snapshots of visitors from other lands.

NO ONE WAS INJURED.

Accounts which have been published of a series of mishaps which occurred to tram-cars on the London United Tramways Company's route, between Shepherd's Bush and Richmond on Wednesday, were, in many respects, erroneous.

We are informed by the company that no persons were injured, and that no tram-car was set on fire.

TRACKED IN THE WOODS.

Arrest of Lover Who Attacked His Sweetheart on Their Wedding Eve.

At Ardley, near Bicester, yesterday, William Addison was arrested on a charge of attempting to murder his sweetheart under dramatic circumstances.

After attacking the girl, Addison made off, and, by hiding in the woods in the neighbourhood, evaded the police for a night and a day.

Addison and the girl, Rose Bensley, who is now making progress toward recovery, were to have been married on Wednesday, and on the previous day went together to Bicester to make some purchases in view of that happy event.

They returned, and later on the prospective bride visited her lover's house. When they were parting at the garden gate she thought he seemed a little strange.

He put his arm round her as if to kiss her and drew a razor across her throat, inflicting a deep wound and nearly cutting off her ear.

Addison's father ran to the girl's assistance, but his son rushed off, coatless and hatless, to his sweetheart's house, where he smashed nearly all the windows. He then disappeared.

He was remanded at Bicester yesterday on a charge of attempted murder.

THE QUEEN'S GAZELLES.

Her Majesty's Visit to the Zoo to Arrange for Their New Home.

Queen Alexandra's fondness for her pets is well known. For some time past she has had at Buckingham Palace a pair of gazelles which had been brought to her from abroad.

But gazelles as they grow up are not so gentle as they look, and it became advisable to find them new quarters. With this object the Queen paid a surprise visit to the Zoo just before she left for Scotland, and personally made arrangements for her pets to be taken care of there.

Yesterday, when the *Daily Mirror* photographed them they were already settled down in their new quarters, and quite prepared to eat biscuits from the hand of their keeper.

FORGED HER FATHER'S NAME.

Stolen Cheque Provides Girl and Her Lover with a Seaside Holiday.

"I own I did it, and I suppose it was rather silly," said Beatrice Burman when charged, together with Thomas Gilby, with uttering a forged cheque for £15.

After, according to the prosecution, forging her father's name on an abstracted cheque, Beatrice, who is only nineteen, went off to Ramsgate with Gilby, a married man with a family, and there they spent the proceeds.

Remanding the pair in custody at Westminster yesterday, the magistrate said the man was clearly an accessory after the fact.

CLERGYMAN BEGAR.

Arrested for Seeking to Borrow a Shilling from Passers-by in the Street.

When, under the pretext of asking his way, the Rev. Thomas Dowzer requested a gentleman for the loan of a shilling, he was disappointed that the accosted one had not that amount. "Then how much money have you?" he demanded, and finding it was only 3d. apologised and walked off.

At Marylebone yesterday, when charged with begging from gentlemen, it was stated that 3s. 4d. and two purses were found on him when arrested.

Notwithstanding a solemn promise to "scrupulously observe the law" in future, the accused, who appears to have once been curate of St. Mark's, South Shields, but since 1882 has had no curacy, was remanded for inquiries.

MYSTERY OF A LETTER.

Did Lost Communication Reveal Secret of Lovelorn Girl's Fatal Sorrow?

When Emily Velvin drank poison at her sweetheart's mother's house, her sweetheart, Thomas Summers, tended her, but she died soon afterwards.

A letter to him which fell from her bodice at the time had been "lost," he stated at the inquest at Hackney yesterday, and he had only read part of it.

The jury, in agreeing on temporary insanity, disbelieved his story, and the coroner said if evidence was forthcoming that the letter had been fully destroyed further proceedings might follow.

Suddenly buried under a mass of earth, which fell in from the sides of the trench in which he was laying a water-main at Carlisle, a workman was severely crushed, but still alive when rescued ten minutes afterwards.

GIRL'S HUGE TASK.

Miss Kellermann's Last Practice Before Attempting to Swim the Channel.

WHERE TIDES MEET.

Miss Annette Kellermann, the nineteen-year-old Australian girl, who will next week attempt the extraordinary feat of endurance of swimming the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, takes her last serious practice swim to-day.

Starting from Dover she will swim across what is known as the "foul passage," the stretch of water between the South Goodwin and the Varne buoy.

It is crossing this turmoil of tides and icy currents that Channel swimmers have often failed. Miss Kellermann has insisted on testing these difficulties herself before the actual start.

During the past fortnight, in her ordinary practices, this remarkable girl-swimmer has made two world's records—one from Dover to Ramsgate, and the second from Ramsgate to Margate.

The latter was a swim which had never before been attempted, in consequence of the extremely strong tides running round the North Foreland.

but Miss Kellermann, to the amazement of those who witnessed her feat, was able to make headway against them.

Practising Many Strokes.

Yesterday the strong wind made it inadvisable to attempt going into mid-Channel. Miss Kellermann, however, swam in the bay for an hour, practising the breast and side strokes, which she will use alternately with the double overarm during her passage across the Channel. The temperature of the water was 58deg., or 5deg. colder than a week ago.

In Dover the pretty Colonial girl, with her magnificent physique and bronzed face, is a well-known figure. Admiring eyes and subdued whispers follow her on the esplanade, on the beach, and during her afternoon constitutional.

She is certainly unaffected, and is not at all fond of meeting strangers.

"I like children best," she says, and the little ones of Dover know it well. They cluster about her on the beach, until, as she laughingly cries, "There won't be anything left of me to swim the Channel."

When the miles become too clamorous there is always a stock of pennies for them.

"Run away now," she cries. "One day I'll teach you all to swim, and we'll all swim the Channel together."

RECKLESS SPORTSMEN.

Two Young Americans Accused of Firing at Salmon-Fishers.

Great interest was taken in the High Court of Justice at Inverness yesterday in the case in which John Shaffer Phipps and Henry Carnegie Phipps, sons of the well-known American millionaire, pleaded not guilty to a somewhat serious charge advanced at the instance of his Majesty's advocate.

They are accused of reckless shooting by which three salmon-fishers were injured, one of them having one eye destroyed and the sight of the other permanently impaired.

The case was adjourned, and will be tried at Edinburgh.

EXCITING RAILWAY TRIP.

Passengers Scared by Revolver Seek Refuge Under the Seat and on the Rack.

If all that was said about him at the Westminster Police Court yesterday was true Arthur George Parc, caused an extraordinary commotion in a railway carriage between Clapham Junction and Vauxhall.

According to Inspector Gibson he first fired a revolver from the window. This greatly alarmed the five other passengers.

Then he tied the revolver to his leg with a handkerchief. One of the terrified occupants of the carriage thereupon tried to get under a seat.

Another sought safety on the lofty altitude of the rack. When Parc was arrested the revolver contained three ball cartridges.

The man, who was remanded for a week in custody, calmly remarked that "he was only trying the weapon."

PENCE POISON SENSATION.

When Sophia Bourne, the Upper Norwood domestic servant charged with administering poison to her mistress, Miss Hole, was before the Pence magistrates yesterday, Professor W. R. Smith, of King's College, who analysed samples of food and drink, said they contained a considerable amount of arsenic.

SEASIDE DANGERS.

Accidents Suggest That Authorities Do Not Take Proper Precautions.

Is bathing at our seaside resorts rendered unnecessarily dangerous through the local authorities neglecting to take proper precautions?

This serious question, which must occur to anyone who reads the list of bathing fatalities published daily during the holiday season, has been brought into special prominence by the remarks made at two inquests on drowned bathers.

In one case the jury made particularly strong remarks. Frederick Hiscocks had been drowned while bathing at Whitmore Bay, in the Bristol Channel, and evidence showed that although a boat was provided for the beach inspector there were no oars in it, neither were there any ropes attached to the grappling-irons. No blankets or restoratives were provided on the beach.

In returning a verdict of Accidentally Drowned, the jury expressed disgust that no notice had been taken by the district council of former suggestions made by the coroner. They also suggested that lifelines, grapping-irons, a stretcher, blankets, and lifebuoys should be provided.

At the inquest on a maid who was drowned at Rhos-on-Sea, near Colwyn Bay, the coroner said that Colwyn Bay was not up-to-date in its precautions against drowning accidents. Nor was it Colwyn Bay that was alone in this respect, but Southport, the Irish coast, Rhyl, Prestatyn, Llandudno, and Abergele had been the scenes of various drowning accidents. In every other civilised country, he added, there was ample protection afforded to bathers.

Read in connection with the deplorable number of fatal accidents which occur around our coasts, these remarks certainly suggest that in many places proper precautions are not taken.

In justice to Colwyn Bay should be mentioned that the mayor telegraphed to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday:—

"Coroner's remarks not correct. The bathing at Colwyn Bay is the safest on North Wales coast. The two cases of drowning occurred one and a half miles from Colwyn Bay centre."

WIFE'S PREROGATIVE.

Magistrate Says She Can Desert Her Husband with Impunity.

After a pronouncement made by Mr. Paul Taylor yesterday at the Marylebone Police Court, woman surely can never claim to be a downtrodden creature.

"I wish," said a commercial traveller to Mr. Taylor, "for a process against my wife. She has deserted me, and taken our child away with her."

Mr. Paul Taylor: "I cannot help you. A wife can desert her husband with impunity."

Applicant: "Cannot you compel her to return home, so that I can have the child?"

Mr. Taylor: "I am very sorry to tell you I can do nothing of the sort. No wife is compelled to live with her husband. She has a perfect right to desert you, and you are liable to maintain her if she leaves you for some good reason."

BATTLE IN A LANE.

Brutal Violence by Gipsies Leads to Arrest of a Whole "Camp."

In the little town of Stratton, near Swindon, there is a part known as Gipsy Lane, where there is a gipsy settlement.

Five men from Stratton were passing there on Sunday night, when, according to their account, they were suddenly attacked, with great violence, by the whole of the settlement.

One of the men was so mercilessly kicked and beaten that he was found senseless in a ditch. Another had his head split open by a stick wielded by a woman, and the three others were roughly handled.

A feature of the gipsies' attack was that the women were more violent than the men, repeatedly calling out, "Knife them!"

Early next morning a cordon of police surrounded the encampment and placed everyone therein under arrest. They, however, only detained six men and two women, who were remanded at Swindon yesterday.

DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Mervyn Parker, aged fifteen, was drowned yesterday while bathing at Hayling. A companion named Mortimer did all he could to rescue Parker, but had himself to be assisted by another boy named Croucher.

Fully dressed, the body of a man was observed in the sea off the South Beach at Yarmouth yesterday. The drowned man had some cards in his possession bearing the name of a Clerkenwell business man.

DRAMA OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

The Sensational Story of the Bonmartini Murder.

THE COUNT'S DEATH.

In previous chapters we have told something of the life story of Linda, Countess Bonmartini, who was the central figure in the terrible murder trial in Turin last week. Her girlhood and first love for Carlo Secchi, the doctor, were described, and later her marriage with Count Bonmartini. But after a very few years of married life they quarrelled because the Count had not the learning or culture of his wife's relations.

After a violent scene one day the Countess hysterically exclaimed: "I wish someone would rid me of the brute."

CHAPTER IV. The Murder.

"I will do it," Tullio had assured his sister, and with fierce hatred in his heart immediately sought his friend Secchi.

"What can we do?" inquired Secchi.

"Poison him," replied Tullio vehemently. "You have some of that poison which the Indians use—curare, is it not? We can easily quarrel with Bonmartini, throw him down, and inject it."

"Impossible," replied Secchi, and to prove it sent for a young lamb. The injection of the curare was made, and the animal at first showed no signs of discomfiture. A few minutes later it commenced trotting round the room, and after five minutes, without violence, fell suddenly dead at their feet.

"You see," said Secchi, as he explained the symptoms, "that is not at all practicable."

Tullio left his friend, and sought Rosa Bonetti, a girl with whom the Count had been familiar. She greeted Tullio's suggestion of poisoning the Count with scorn.

"I know a far better way," she announced, and told of a broken-down doctor and gambler, Pio Naldi, who, for a sum of money, would await Count Bonmartini at his flat and stab him as he entered.

CONSENT OF THE ASSASSIN.

Naldi was found and consented to be the assassin. Linda was in Venice, preparing to go with the Count to Switzerland. The departure was fixed for August 29, 1902; and the previous night Bonmartini was to return to Bologna at six o'clock in the evening, visit his flat, and return to Venice.

All that day Tullio, Naldi, and Rosa Bonetti stayed together. Towards the evening Naldi grew nervous and apprehensive.

"I can't do it," he declared. "The risk is too great."

Tullio and the woman did their utmost to persuade him, but without success. Finally Tullio announced that he would do the deed himself. "If his life were ending to-morrow," he said fiercely, "I should be justified in killing him tonight for his cruelty to my sister."

In the afternoon the three went to the Count's flat, and, with his sister's key, Tullio gained admittance. At four o'clock Rosa Bonetti left, promising to return within an hour.

"Will you do it?" Tullio asked again, just before five o'clock.

"No," replied Naldi, and his hand shook violently as he poured out some brandy.

"And you," continued the man in a trembling voice, "will be wiser to await a better opportunity."

FEROCIOUS ATTACK.

"If that brute enters this door to-night he will never leave it again alive," replied Tullio.

"I will have nothing to do with it," was the answer, and taking his hat Naldi left the flat.

A few minutes later Rosa Bonetti returned carrying a parcel. It contained a woman's under-clothing. Together they scattered the delicate silk garments about the Count's bedroom. Tullio turned down the bed-clothes and lay upon the bed, giving it the impression of having been occupied. They opened and drank a bottle of champagne, leaving the empty bottle and glasses upon the table, ransacked some drawers, flung some clothes and an empty jewel-case upon the floor.

Then they returned to the next room and waited in silence. Shortly before half-past six the sound of a key in the lock was heard, and Tullio silently crossed and stood, stiletto in hand, behind the door.

The next moment the Count's step sounded without, and he entered the room. In a moment Tullio leapt upon him and inflicted a terrible wound in the back of the neck. The Count turned, and a desperate struggle took place.

It was over in a minute, for, weakened by the first blow, and helpless, Count Bonmartini had no chance with his assailant. As he dropped upon the polished floor, in fury Tullio fell upon the body, stabbing it again and again.

(To be concluded.)

ARE HOLIDAYS ANY GOOD?

A City Man Advocates Taking Annual Leave in Small Doses.

That holidays are good in themselves but often abused is the prevailing tone of the letters received yesterday.

The one from "Yeoman" suggests a way of taking holidays to the advantage of both oneself and one's country.

WATCHING THE LITTLE ONES.

The people who want holidays are the women and children. Their lives are monotonous, and the summer change to country or seaside is necessary for them.

Personally, I find the best part of my holiday is watching my wife and the little ones enjoying themselves. But I must say that I am invariably much better for my holiday, and the effect lasts for months after my return to work. W. S. Kilburn.

BENEFITS OF VOLUNTEERING.

Holidays are good if they are spent rightly. Most people go to either seaside or country and "laze," with the result that they get bored and look anxiously forward to the time when they can get back to work. Some wear themselves out with continual sight-seeing.

Being (as described in a local paper) "an overpaid, under-worked official," and the fortunate

ROYAL HOSTESS OF BRITISH OFFICERS.



Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who entertained Admiral Wilson and the officers of the British fleet proceeding to the Baltic at dinner at Het Loo yesterday.

provider of three weeks' annual leave, I find the best way of spending my holidays is under canvas with the Yeomanry. While so doing one keeps regular hours, has regular food, does plenty of hard work, and indulges in healthy exercise. At the end of training one feels a new man, and returns to work fit and well.

And over and above having a thoroughly good time one has the satisfaction of knowing that one has spent one's holiday usefully, and done one's duty to one's country.

Let those who can become Yeomen or Volunteers, and if they spend their holidays with either of the two forces at their annual training they will not be undecided with their answer to the question, "Are holidays any good?" YEOUMAN.

SMALL AND OFTEN.

Holidays would be excellent if people would only not insist on taking them during the end of July and August. People with three weeks' holiday in the year should take three separate weeks.

Personally, I take a week at Christmas, a week in the spring, and a week at the beginning of September, and find the arrangement excellent.

My business is not so much upset as it would be if I were away for three weeks. You can forget your worries quite as well in one week as in three, so I am three times as well off as other men in that respect.

In a week, if I prefer to be lazy, I cannot get mentally stagnant, as one does in three. If I want to be active, I cannot take enough exercise in a week to upset my physical well-being.

My advice is, take your holidays "small and often."

ANOTHER CITY MAN.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

To prevent the transfer of readmission tickets at Tiverton (Bath) Flower Show, the hand of each person leaving the field was stamped in blue ink with a circular device.

The health of the Empress Eugenie, who has returned to Farnborough Hill, is far from satisfactory.

Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales arrived at Aberdeen yesterday and proceeded by the Duddingston train to Ballater, en route for Aberdeenshire Castle.

Mr. G. J. Vandervump, solicitor, of South-square, Gray's Inn, in reference to his meeting of creditors, writes that he estimates his assets at some £3,000, and not at £52, as stated in the Bankruptcy Court.

So skilfully treated at the Manchester Royal Infirmary was a Hulme girl whose scalp had been almost torn off in a revolving shaft accident that she will retain her normal appearance, her hair having been restored to her.

By their enterprise in providing outdoor entertainments, the Margate Fétes Committee, after paying all expenses, were able on the year's working, to hand over £1,300 towards the relief of the rates. The income from hiring out of deck-chairs was £6,500, compared with £100 seven years ago.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Southport—More Prize-Winners.

If you can find your portrait in the group taken at Southport and reproduced on page 8, there may be half a guinea waiting for you at the Daily Mirror Office.

All you have to do is to apply for it.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, Daily Mirror, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final. To-morrow four half-guineas go to

BRIGHTON.

A photograph of a holiday crowd at this place will be published and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competition at Lowestoft are as follows:

LOWESTOFT.

Mr. L. Lowry, 13½, Denmark-road, Lowestoft. Mr. James Clements, 63, Nunhead-grove, Peckham Rye, London, S.E. Miss Dorothy Weston, 14, Maidstone-road, Lowestoft. Miss Erma Jeffery, 97, Clapham-road, Lowestoft Central.

AMERICAN "RAILS" RISE.

Buying Orders from New York Cheer the London Stock Exchange.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The feature of the stock market to-day has been the further sharp rise in American Rails. The tone of the overnight advices from the other side was good, and dealers here had no hesitation in putting prices above the parity level. New York sent over buying orders in the afternoon, and the close was quite buoyant. Other markets were a little uncertain in tendency, although Consols were sustained by the receipt of bullion at the Bank of England. They closed at 90 9-16.

Home Rails closed with rather a weak appearance, although the market in the earlier dealings showed quite a fair amount of strength. Great Northern, after being bid for, relapsed, as also did one or two of the Heavies. Brighton "A" did not sustain an early rally, and the Scottish group was heavy.

ARGENTINE MARKET BUOYANT.

The Grand Trunk market opened rather easier on the traffic increase of £6,319, against the estimated improvement of about £48,000, but good export was forthcoming at the lower level, and values closed well up on the day. Canadian Pacifics showed a decided tendency in sympathy with American Rails. The tone of the Argentine Railway market was buoyant, and in fact, all Foreign Rails were again in demand. The chief feature was the good buying of Quebec Central Properties, which rose to \$4, while the Income bonds rose to "par." Mexican Rails were steady to firm.

Argentine securities were good, as were Brazilian Government descriptions, the new Brazilian loan hardening to 1½ premium. Japanese bonds hardened, the new to 4½ premium, and Paris favourites improved, although closing below the best. Rio Tintos, after being offered on the poor statistics, were bid for, and there was some demand for Arizona Copper shares at 58s.

PARIS SUPPORTS KAFFIRS.

The advance in Argentine land descriptions was one of the chief events in the Miscellaneous group. Santa Fé Lands were put up to 44s. 3d. on a report that the company may secure the contract for the supply of sleepers to the B.A. Pacific Railway. Argentine Land and Investments were good, as also were Argentine Southern Lands. In fact the whole of this group showed strength. Ango "A" was bid up to 15s., but closed rather below this figure. Hudson Bay's recovered an early loss. Liasons drooped.

Kaffirs were a shade better, as Paris was inclined to support the market, but movements were of trifling extent, and interest was at a very low ebb. Westarians showed irregularity, but there was bidding for one or two West Africans.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

For Accurate Cables from New York read

"The Daily Report."

1½. ON SALE EVERYWHERE. 1½.

READY IT! IT WILL PAY YOU!

Specimen Copy post free.—"The Daily Report," Basildon House, Moorgate Street, Bank, E.C.

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PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1905.

"I LOVE PEACE BUT I
MEAN TO GO ON WITH
THE WAR."

WEDNESDAY.

To a correspondent of the Russian newspaper, the "Novoe Vremya," whom he received at Peterhof, the Tsar spoke of his love of peace and his repugnance to war.

THURSDAY.

To a correspondent of the French newspaper, the "Matin," whom he received at Portsmouth, U.S.A., M. Witte, the Russian Peace Plenipotentiary, spoke of the futility of continuing the negotiations, and said he never expected a happy result of the Conference.

Comment unnecessary.

THE "SILLY SEASON."

"What is the origin of this phrase?" asks a correspondent eager for information. It came into being thus.

When the fashion of taking holidays in August had got itself firmly established, it was found that nothing particular happened in the way of news—that is, in the way of what was then considered news—foreign affairs, Parliament, law cases.

The newspapers, therefore, had a hard task to fill their columns. Sea-serpents, big gooseberries, and such marvels were seized upon and given prominence. That was the only plan which occurred to the sleepy old journals of the Sea-Serpent period.

Nowadays the newspaper of the progressive type is even more readable in the holiday season than it is during the rest of the year.

There is space for all sorts of interesting sidelights upon the story of our own times. There are discussions which add to our stock of knowledge of human nature and show us the directions which the thought of our generation is taking.

"Silly" season, indeed! Say, rather, the interesting season. The real "Silly Season" is when Parliament is pouring forth its floods of talk, when you see in the "Times" columns of the names of people who have been at a Levée or a Court, when there are so many events of the moment to chronicle that the deeper and more lasting interests have to go to the wall.

E. B.

THE ENEMY WITHIN
OUR GATES.

What a strange thing it is that, while we are quite ready to agitate for having our national interests safeguarded, we do not think it worth while to bother about the hardships which individuals suffer.

Once more, yesterday, Sir James Crichton-Browne denounced the revolting conditions in which thousands upon thousands of our town populations live. The Housing Question is a terrible danger. Yet no one troubles about it.

Lord Roberts means to rouse the country to the risk we run of being conquered by a foreign enemy. Will no one make the nation see that we are in equal jeopardy from an enemy at home?

Unless we can vanquish the battalions of greedy slum landlords, we shall have no chance against a foreign foe. "Enlist every able-bodied man," cries Lord Roberts. What if there should soon be scarcely any able-bodied men to enlist?

H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is easy enough to know God provided we do not force ourselves to define Him.—Joubert.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS is the seventy-fifth birthday of the Emperor of Austria, who has just been so much in the minds of the English during the last week owing to his friendly meeting with King Edward at Ischl. At Ischl and in all the larger cities of Austria preparations have been made to celebrate to-day's anniversary with proper ceremony. The great celebration will come, however, if only the Emperor lives so long, in three years' time. In 1908, he will celebrate his "diamond jubilee"—the sixtieth anniversary of his accession to the throne of Austria.

* * *

If the Emperor's memory is good, and if he is fond of indulging in the perhaps dangerous habit of "looking backwards," he will remember the stormy scenes in the midst of which he came to his throne nearly sixty years ago. The Viennese had risen in revolt and driven his father Ferdinand I. away. Ferdinand then abdicated in favour of his

garrison adjutant, who had just been appointed, to record in a note-book the General's criticisms on the conduct of field days. Soon a field day came, and the General put his verbal artillery into use. The next day he called the adjutant. "Now, Mr. Brown, did you take down my notes yesterday?" "Yes, sir." "Very well. Now what was the first remark I made, eh?" In a wavering voice the adjutant replied: "Your first remark, sir, was 'As usual! Six ——umpires, and no ——use!'"

* * *

I was in South Africa also, I think, that the General for once misapprehended his forcible powers of expression in an amusing way. He had designed a number of forts out there, and came upon one of these, which he did not recognise as his own, the course of a morning's ride. He summoned the officer in charge and asked him, with a strange variety of oratorical embellishment, which I omit, "who had designed that fort?" "That," said the officer, pretending not to recognise the General, "was designed by General Tucker." The General

manner. (Lady Gort, his mother, always insisted upon that.) He was, during childhood, not even addressed as "my Lord," and his title never used, the servants always being instructed to call him "Master Gort." A good deal has been seen of him during the last fortnight at Cowes, and he assisted his mother in entertaining not only the large house-parties at East Cowes Castle but with her received all the royalties at the big garden-party given in honour of the French fleet.

* * *

Lord and Lady Alington and Miss Diane Sturt will stay at Cricket for some weeks now, though probably they will be present at one of the many parties for Doncaster.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

PUBLIC-HOUSES OUT OF DATE.

It was with pleasure and satisfaction I read "E. B.'s" article relating to public-houses going out of date, and what ought to take their place, viz., the Continental café.

I frequently meet my friends in a Continental café-restaurant to have a game of billiards, chess, dominoes, or draughts, or simply a chat over several glasses of beer or wine, comfortably seated at nice, clean tables.

I may say that very rarely have I seen anybody get the worse for drink there. Should any brawler venture in the proprietor does not serve him, as he wishes to keep it such a place as "E. B." mentions, where men can take their wives or sweethearts and spend a pleasant evening.

There are several of these places in London.

H. P.

WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?

We read with interest your account of Hornsey Borough Council advertising for householders, but we rather take exception to the remark that it has not embarked yet upon extravagant projects.

It possesses its own electric lighting scheme (most expensive of all), public libraries in various wards of the borough—shortly to have its baths and washhouses. Then there are the electric tramcars through the place, run partly by the Middlesex County Council—quite, therefore, level with other London suburbs.

We welcome any scheme likely to bring forward residents, but we fear the very high prices and rents demanded by the builders—in many cases far exceeding the marketable value—keep many would-be residents away. This is the case in several new suburbs of London.

E. and S. SMITH.

Muswell Hill.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND MANNERS.

You have lately been discussing in your paper the want of manners in the children attending our board schools. Surely this is easily explained.

In nine cases out of ten the present schoolmaster or mistress has received his or her education under the same system. Naturally proud of the position gained by their own merits, they consequently seldom admit superiority in knowledge or breeding.

Would it therefore be natural for them to encourage Tommy in any little acts of civility sometimes shown to greater lights from lesser ones (not unfruitful of results, usually) or to touch his cap as a mark of respect when respect for one's betters is a thing of the past?

Mary's curtsy is supplied by a lofty inclination of the head, and often a stare, which implies "I am as good as you"—a point on which no one has the least wish to argue.

DEODORA.

Somerset.

BARBARIQUE EARRINGS.

The heathenish custom of wearing earrings cannot be too strongly condemned.

To all persons of refinement the mere idea of mutilating the ear must be utterly repulsive. For the savage Zulu there is little excuse. For the Englishwoman none.

I have never yet met a person capable of deep and serious thought who favoured this senseless and idiotic custom.

As to earrings being beneficial to weak eyes, as well tell me that a ring worn on the big toe will prevent toothache!

COMMON SENSE.

Bunglow Town, Shoreham, Sussex.

More letters from our readers on "Are Wives a Help or a Hindrance?" "Is There a Spirit World?" and "Are Holidays Any Good?" will be found on other pages.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 17.—Some of the showiest perennials now in bloom are the old-fashioned golden rods. Very pretty, they look dotted about the garden, their tall nodding plumes of small yellow blossoms forming a graceful background to the phloxes and Kaisersonia anemones.

The rudbeckia is also out. This plant should begin every garden, for its culture is of the simplest. The late blue veronica (easily grown in towns) now gives a touch of bluish to our garden bouquets and is very welcome among the gorgeous colours of fading summer.

E. F. S.

BRITISH SQUADRON'S VISIT TO THE BALTIc.



This is how the Berlin comic paper, "Dorfbarbier," cartoons the approaching visit of British ships to the Baltic Sea, which has aroused so much excitement in Germany.

son, Francis Joseph, who at once revoked the old Constitution of 1849, and abolished trial by jury throughout his dominions. Shortly afterwards the inevitable happened—an attempt was made to assassinate the young ruler.

* * *

He was walking on the ramparts of Vienna one February day in 1858. A Czech fanatic attacked him with a long knife, and succeeded in striking him with it. Fortunately, the Emperor was wearing a gold-laced tunic, and the dagger slipped off the hard trimming of this, giving the eunuch time to run up and disarm the would-be murderer. The latter was tried by court-martial and executed ten days later.

* * *

The latest celebrity to be concerned in a motor accident—General Tucker, Commander of the Scottish forces, who had the misfortune to collide with a bicyclist near Lanark—must be, one imagines, rather an impulsive driver. General Tucker, who is really a most kind-hearted man and a truly delightful companion, has won a reputation in the Army for the bluntly effective manner in which he enforces his orders—his command over suitable expletives is very useful to him, and makes him anything but a red-tape General. Many stories are told about his hearty ways of inciting subordinates to action.

* * *

Fate has willed it that the widow of Napoleon III. should be comforted and tended in her old age by a friend and companion who is the first cousin of the present German Empress. The near relationship of the Countess Von Gleichen, the faithful and constant attendant, who rarely leaves the side of the Empress, to the Consort of Kaiser William II. is explained by the fact that the father of the Countess was a brother of the mother of the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.

* * *

Lord Gort has just received his commission in the Grenadier Guards. He is a tall, slim young fellow of nineteen, with unusually fair hair. He has been brought up hitherto in the simplest

of houses and has had

no education.

* * *

When he was in command of the troops in Natal, about ten years ago, he ordered a week and modest.

or below the sea level.

* * *

* * *

NEWS



London is full of foreign visitors just now. In the photograph a Frenchman is seen waxing enthusiastic about the view from just outside the National Gallery.



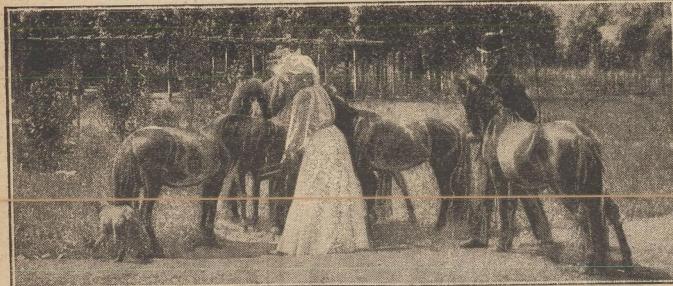
One of our foreign visitors trying to find his whereabouts with the assistance of his inseparable guide-book.

FOREIGN INV



Party of tourists from America out for a sight-seeing drive. American tourists are noticed to be particularly interested in any places connected with famous literary men or women.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AND HER SHETLAND PONIES.



The well-known actress with her Shetland ponies, which have just been sold by auction at Maidenhead. Mrs. Brown-Potter was very fond of the ponies, and shed tears when they were mentioned at her last examination in bankruptcy.

SNAPSHOTS AT KEMPTON.



Sweet Mary, winner of the Kempton Park International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes. It was her eighth victory this season. She is entered for the Oaks next year.

GIRL VIOLINIST



IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THIS GROUP?



Name

Address

If you appear in this photograph mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the Daily Mirror, and if you are one of the four people we have selected you will receive half a guinea. The group was photographed at Southport. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.



Mrs. Langtry on the course at Kempton. She was one of the most interested spectators of a first-class day's racing.

Miss Marie Hall, the vi
pence a few years ago,
the United States and
sa

ASION of LONDON



Group of Italian tourists in Trafalgar-square. One of their number who has visited London before is acting as guide and giving her compatriots a few particulars of the history of the square.



His first experience of London. An arrival from Portugal snapshotted at Charing Cross Station.

VIEWS



A typical party of Continental tourists. Such a party may be seen everywhere in London this month quietly enjoying the many sights that appeal to visitors.

RNS £2,000 A MONTH.

ITALIAN LOVE TRAGEDY.



Signora Cifariello, wife of the famous Italian sculptor, who has just been killed by her husband in a fit of jealousy and rage.

WARSHIP'S BOILER STRANDED.



Giant boiler intended for a warship waiting in the road at Begbrook, Oxfordshire, until the Begbrook Bridge has been temporarily strengthened to allow it to pass over.



who was playing in the streets for about to make a five months' tour in when she will receive the princely £2,000 a month.

MANCHESTER MEETING TO AVERT COTTON TRADE STRIKE.



Mr. J. Edge, J.P., secretary of the Bolton Cardroom Workers' Association — one of the workers' representatives.



Sir T. Thornhill Shann, Lord Mayor of Manchester, who opened the conference in the town hall.—(Lafayette.)



Mr. A. H. Gill, secretary of the Operative Spinners' Association, and one of the workers' delegates at the cotton conference.



Group of workers' delegates holding an informal meeting before the commencement of the great conference of cotton masters and workers in the Manchester Town Hall.



Some of the workers represented at the conference. Mill girls in working costume. The women are keenly interested in the conference, on the result of which their future welfare will largely depend.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Believers and Sceptics Give Their Views on a Life Beyond the Grave.

MORE STRANGE STORIES.

Here is another batch of letters selected from many sent us on a subject which seems to have awakened intense interest amongst our readers:

A WARNING DISREGARDED.

I was spending an hour recently in conversation with a young psychic who, without any preparation, passed into the trance state.

My mother, who had crossed the border some seven years previously, controlled the organism of my friend, who said: "Do not neglect William, his passing away is imminent."

I understood this message had reference to my father; but as I heard by post from him on the following morning, and he seemed to be in his usual health, I discussed the matter from my mind as being a mistake.

A fortnight later I was again in company with the young psychic, and my mother again controlled saying: "You have neglected to do as I desired."

I felt condemned, and said I would go to my home on the following morning. My mother's reply still burns in my brain—"I fear you are too late!"

At 9.30 on the following morning, as I was preparing to go home, a telegram was brought into my room, which stated: "Your father passed away suddenly at 6.30 this morning."

Maida Hill, W.

H. W. COOMBS.

SPIRITS' COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.

That spirits do return and even take a strong interest not only in the personal welfare of friends but in passing events and great discoveries of the day I have had convincing proof.

My father, a scientist and nephew of the founder of the Birmingham University, gave us once the name of a new element about to be discovered four months before it was announced to the world.

Previously, in 1892, when living in Sydney, N.S.W., and having read in Mr. Stead's "Ghost Stories" about automatic writing, I determined to sit until I got some result. The whole night passed without a sign. Just at dawn I was rewarded by a characteristic letter from my father.

Next day, when looking over a list for my patients, my hand was again seized, and this time the writing was in old German text giving information concerning my long-lost brother, whom I had gone to Sydney to seek.

45 Park-road, Nottingham. CRISSIE SMITH.

A MORBID HANKERING.

No rationally-minded person can have read the muddles which have appeared in your columns upon this subject without being forced to the conclusion that, despite the scientific ideas slowly propagating themselves in our midst, there is an immense substratum of superstition, and any glance we may happen to get of it is only the efflorescence of the underlying rotteness.

Witness, for instance, how people avoid sitting thirteen at table, how they hang up horse-shoes in their homes "for luck," how they imagine that a fire may be made to burn up by inclining the poker over it, etc.

Among people betraying so rudimentary a knowledge of cause and effect it is not surprising to find strange superstitions ascribed to the workings of a supernatural power.

The remedy is obvious. Look life straight in the face—it is the only one we will have—and give up this morbid hankering after a "hereafter."

67, Grotto-road, Twickenham. W. E. GIBSON.

WHAT THE MEDIUM IS FOR.

Allow me to answer "Enquirer's" questions. (1) A spirit is the real being, of which human form is the temporary casing.

(2) Spirits retain their quondam faculties, and can communicate freely inter se, but not with the living, this requiring the use of a larva, with which they are clearly not provided. The theory is that during the trance of the medium, sufficient matter is abstracted from his body to create a temporary semi-substantial form, which includes, of course, a larva.

(3) Probably the intelligence of spirits does differ in many respects from that of the living. How they can exercise intelligence without a material brain is one of those questions which will probably be satisfactorily answered when someone can tell us what electricity is, or can photograph wireless telegraphy.

STUDENT.

IN PRAISE OF TABLE-TURNING.

A Hindoo was the means of my first instruction in matters occult. I have since followed them carefully and can say I have been truly amazed at the accuracy with which events have been foretold, both through table-turning and through the medium of hypnotism, both of which I have never seen, in as much as I have practised them myself.

West Green-road, N. HORACE B. ROSE.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus, in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Blanquart, a girl of twenty, had been born. Her name was Sabra Vallence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Lord Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallence, whose whole soul was wrapped around the man of loves she adored?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, with a heart of stone.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, nor all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Dangerville to sell his castle and leave it lying almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an audience with him.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted £10,000 to buy back his old inheritance.

Lord Blanquart showed Lord Blanquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindover made a proposal, which Lord Blanquart, a rich man and a good man, would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquart agreed to the idea.

Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallence. He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give it his blessing. She said she would do nothing but help him, and that she would restore Lord Blanquart to his son their former wealth and splendour. Sabra resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him.

CHAPTER IX.

"Everywhere thou goest, thou shalt hear the voice of the Tempter, & it growth loud."

"Mr. Swindover herewith renews the offer he made to Lord Blanquart de Balliol, and wishes to add that, in view of his lordship's indisposition, he will take no steps for a further eight days from this date."

Lord Blanquart handed the paper to his son. The old peer had only just risen, although it was some two hours since Dick had come in from a sharp morning walk with his dogs, and settled himself to the disheartening task of looking through the advertisements in the morning papers, in the hope of finding someone who wanted the services of a young, able-bodied man of good character and address, who could do nothing in particular, but was willing to do anything under the sun.

Lord Blanquart was still very feeble; but, worse than his physical condition, was the mental apathy into which he had fallen, and from which he seemed either unable or unwilling to extricate himself. It was almost incredible that so short a time could have wrought so great and astounding a change in the old man, that such woe could have bowed his shoulders, and dimmed his piercing eyes, and reduced to a dull and hopeless resignation the pride that had brushed high Heaven.

His son was in despair. It seemed as if the burden of the whole world had fallen on his young shoulders. It was left to him to make all the arrangements against the day when they would have to leave Dangerville Hall for ever. That day might be any day, to-morrow, or next week; anyway, the blow would fall as soon as Swindover set the machinery of the law in motion.

To Dick it had fallen to make the last desperate attempt to raise the money, an effort as frantic and as useless as the final struggles of a drowning man. He had found every door closed against him—no doubt through Swindover's machinations—and honour forbade him to approach his friends.

Meanwhile, his father seemed to lose every day more completely that magnificent spirit that had kept him up, proud as an old eagle, through all his former adversity. This was the end; the severing of the last tie. After this there was nothing to hope for, no reason to live.

Lord Blanquart, on this second day that found him strong enough to sit up, was assisted into the garden at noon, installed in a deck-chair, with a rug wrapped round his shrunken frame, and, after handing to his son the letter that he had just received from Swindover, relapsed into the painful attitude that showed so plainly the terrible change that had come over him. The once so active man sat motionless, his claw-like hands loosely folded, his head sunk back against the pillow no whiter than his face, the piercing eyes half closed, the gaze that had once taken interest in everything that went on around him, turned inwards now in bitterest retrospection.

Dick read the millionaire's letter, and then, with a scornful laugh, tore it into fragments and scattered them on the lawn, which, though sadly neglected, kept its beauty, as Nature does, shaded, as was old-age cedars and bathed in the flood of mellow radiance by the September sun.

"So he gives us 'another week's respite,'" he cried. "In another week it would seem like a 'week to buy' in that abiding. It's only an added insult! I'll send back an answer at once, and refuse his 'eight days' further grace. And we are going

and HEATH HOSKEN.

to leave Dangerville Hall the day after to-morrow."

"Will you, my boy? Will you?" murmured Lord Blanquart, without opening his eyes. "You know best?" he added, as if to himself. "I've come to think a lot of you together!"

"Dear old governor!" said the young man, his voice faltering a moment with an impulse of overwhelming tenderness and burning pity. "You'll be better when we've left the old place. I'm sure you will. When it's done, you'll be yourself again. It's only the going that is so terribly hard. That's why I want to go at once with you and Sabra, and begin a new life!"

"What about Normanhurst?" asked the old man, and a dullness came into his bright young voice. "Just a formal note, signed by his secretary. He's afraid he can't offer me anything just at present; there's no vacancy at his disposal, nothing that would suit my abilities. You see, governor, he doesn't understand nobody does yet. They've no idea what a plight we're in. When we get to London, I must go and see him and explain. By the way, I've taken the rooms—in Margaret-street, where I stayed last time I was in town. They're not bad. We must manage for the time, anyhow, until we know exactly where we stand. Masters insists on coming with us. He wouldn't listen to me when I told him that it's not fair to himself. He won't take any wages; he even offered to keep himself. Loyalty like that can never be rewarded!"

Just at that moment Masters appeared with a letter which he handed to the young man. "Canon Vallence's boy brought this, Mr. Richard," he said.

"Is he waiting for an answer?" asked Dick, recognising with the thrill of joy that not all the sorrows of the world could deaden the firm, square writing of the woman he loved.

"No, Mr. Richard." He said there was no answer and went off immediately.

"All right."

Dick opened the letter. There was something bulky in it. The Blanquart emerald, the ring that every Dangerville had given to his promised wife, fell into the palm of his hand. He gazed at it blankly for a moment.

"I suppose it doesn't fit," he muttered. "But she has had it for a week."

He read the short letter. The words danced before his eyes like regiments of devils. They seemed to have no meaning at all.

"... cold-blooded and modern...

"... made a mistake... I can't marry you... I can't face poverty and... disgrace..."

He doubled his fist, as if he would strike some invisible antagonist. What devil was perverting his sight?

"... I can't go out into the world with you... I suppose I don't care enough... for get all about me... I don't try to see me again—Sabra Vallence."

A laugh rang out into the peaceful September morning—hideous, blood-curdling in its venom, rancour, misery, despair.

The old peer started up, his eyes fixed in horror on his son's face, from which all the youth and comeliness had been wiped in an instant, as if a sponge had passed over a slate.

"Dick!" he gasped.

The young man thrust the paper into his hands, still laughing horribly.

"Read!" he cried. "Read! She has deserted us, too. Sabra has deserted us. She can't face poverty and disgrace; she has given me up!"

"Oh, no!"

"Read, and see for yourself."

"I can't read." The letters were all blurred, Lord Blanquart shrilly. "Oh, this is the end—there can be nothing more than this. I thought he was loyal to the core." Suddenly he seemed to shrink together, his voice fell to a droning whisper. "What have I done? What sin have I committed in the past for which this is the punishment—all this that has befallen us? And you have to bear the brunt! Oh, my boy, my poor boy!"

Then he started up again. There was a flash in his eyes. Was it divination?

"Go to her, my boy!" he cried. "It must be a mistake; it can be nothing else. Sabra is true. I could make my life on it. Go! Wipe her back! Don't waste a moment. Go to her!"

"No!" The young man's voice was furious. "I will plead to no woman. She is worthless; I hate her. She has dared to speak of disgrace. Let her go! What mistake can there be? She has written it with her own hand—words that no man could ever forgive. Let her go!" The contemptuous words ended in a great racking sob, torn from his innermost being. The next moment he had controlled himself.

"We will go out into the world alone," he said firmly, "that is the only difference. You and I. You see, they have all left us. We are quite alone. To-morrow is our last day here, and we will spend it all alone."

The words aroused in the old peer an agitation beyond control. His hands beat the air as if it were an enemy; his eyes gazed wildly at his son, full of a pitiful appeal; his voice rose to a shrill scream. It sounded like the voice of a child.

"A week, Dick! Only a week!" he cried. "In another week it would be broken. He pleaded to his son for that week of grace given by the usurper whom they looked upon as lower than the mud

bottom of the ocean."

(Continued on page 12, column 2)

POPULARITY

—OF—

ANTIPON

The Great Corpulence Cure.

This wonderful remedy for the permanent cure of obesity goes everywhere and succeeds everywhere. Amongst the hundreds of unsolicited letters of thanks received by the Antipon Company there are messages of gratitude from every quarter of the globe. Could any of us, in Dr. Johnson's grandiose words, "Survey mankind from China to Peru" we should find in every country persons who have been cured permanently of corpulence and restored to health and full energy by means of the simple, harmless and pleasant Antipon treatment.

These grateful and gratifying letters are all carefully preserved for reference at the offices of the Antipon Company. From Batavia, Java, a gentleman writes:—"As to the effect of your Antipon I am glad to say that since I began to take it I am reduced 24lb."

Again, a lady writes from Rome:—"I have already received great benefit from the two bottles of Antipon received," and encloses a remittance for a further supply. From a remote village in Co. Meath, Ireland, a lady sends an order for Antipon marked "urgent," and adds: "The Antipon must be sent by post as Miss G—lives very far from a railway station. It is a marvellous medicine." We could multiply such quotations from authentic letters by the hundred; we only wish, however, to show how world-wide is the reputation enjoyed by the Antipon treatment.

Antipon is a simple liquid tonic, pleasant to the palate, purely vegetable in its composition, neither laxative nor the reverse, and causing no stomachic or intestinal disturbance whatever. Anyone following the Antipon treatment can do so in the strictest privacy. Even at table there are no dietary peculiarities to call attention to the fact that a person is following any course of treatment. One's ordinary mode of living need undergo no change. Antipon, briefly, is an ideal home treatment, which possesses also the advantage of being very economical.

From 8oz. to 3lbs. according to the individual case: is taken off within a day and a night of commencing the treatment. Then there is a reliable daily decrease until the weight is reduced to normal and symmetry of figure restored. The doses may then cease with the perfect assurance that the cure is lasting.

Whilst gradually eliminating all superabundant fatty matter Antipon tones up the entire system, giving renewed healthy appetite and assisting digestion and nutrition. Thus wholesome food becomes Antipon's helper and ally. Muscular tissue is redeveloped, while the unwholesome fatty deposits are being absorbed. That in a few words, is the principle of this great and most popular remedy—to strengthen the muscular tissue whilst destroying the fatty overgrowths. The reduction is beautifully proportionate over the entire surface of the body. Antipon gives a chance to the internal organs to act freely and naturally by eliminating the dangerously degenerating masses of adipose that clog the interior.

Health and strength; renewed energy, physical and mental; an elastic step and grace of movement, a pure skin and a clear, bright complexion—all these priceless blessings accrue from a comparatively short course of Antipon. Every stout person should discontinue the mistaken semi-starvation, drugging methods which do so much radical harm, and try a simple course of Antipon.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had on sending amount post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

"Ball's Pond-road, London, N. Having benefited so much from your Antipon, I feel it only right to send you this testimonial. I am pleased to say a few bottles have reduced me two stone, and that it is the only thing that has ever affected me, although I have tried several other (supposed) flesh-reducing medicines. I am just sending one of your advertisements to South Africa to a friend of mine who I know is putting on too much flesh."

(Signed) "M. B.—"

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes: "Having used Antipon in the case of the very fatest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautiful every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

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West Green-road, N. HORACE B. ROSE.

SILK COATS WORN WITH LACE AND CHIFFON SKIRTS—THAT CHARMING FABRIC, SPOTTED MUSLIN.

THE PRINCESS TOILETTE.

ESSENTIALS IN DRESSMAKING THAT COMPEL GRACE.

The Princess gown has enjoyed a considerable vogue this season in London, and has been highly favoured in Paris, from which we may argue that it will be prevalent among us this autumn. A tolerably good figure is demanded by the mode, but a supremely good corset is even more essential than the good figure, for in a Princess gown it is the lines that tell, and only careful corseting can assure the correct silhouette. A Princess petticoat and petticoat-bodice, all in one, helps to secure the elegance needful for the gown's best presentation.

Artists With the Scissors.

The lingerie Princess gown is a mass of hand-work, tucked or gauged or in some other skilful fashion moulded to the waist-line, full above, though not answering to the description of a blouse, fitted round the hips by clever tucking, goring, and so forth, ample below and enriched everywhere with hand embroidery and inset lace. No one save an artist with the scissors should attempt the construction of one of these triumphs, but they are charming when well made and well worn.

To demonstrate the round skirt with a Princess toilette is difficult, though it may be done by inset pleatings and other trimmings running up from the hem to the knee, and insuring great width at the edge of the skirt, but of necessity clinging round the waist and hips, and cut in one with the bodice. Some of the best dressmakers consider the little train better adapted to a Princess dress, however, and use it, with a skirt length at the sides and front much shorter than in the round skirts, a trying but nevly-smart device.

The Princess dress is well-liked carried out in lace and in the supple satins and silks as well, the latter arranged with a certain severity of line, but usually cut very low in the bodice to show fluffy masses of lace, chiffon, and so forth, and made with short or elbow sleeves of lace or some such fine material. Sleeves made with two or three frills falling in points to the elbows are a popular and very becoming scheme. Under such a sleeve in lace one often sees a little undersleeve of fine material just covering with its puff the elbow point, a feature seldom admirable, even in a fairly good arm.

Long-skirted Coat Costumes.

Where the regulation Princess form is lacking, the new frock often attains a modified Princess effect by the disposition of the bodice folds and bodice and skirt trimmings, and by the arrangement of the juncture between the bodice and skirt.

The long-skirted coat costumes of the Louis XV. period have lost none of their prestige, and will apparently worn even more than ever during the holiday season. There is a decided liking for the Peking-style draped silks as the material; for these coats, and certainly these, as well as plain corded silk, chiffon, faille, the rich-flowered silks; and soft satins, make most picturesque and serviceable coats to be worn with various skirts in white or cream or in pale tints that harmonise with the silk of the coat.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

beneath their feet. He could not face that parting. Dick was young; but the old man had to tear himself out by the roots.

A week! A week to sit lost in that apathy, that was perhaps merciful, a week to dream dreams in, to imagine vainly that the glories were not dimmed a week to see visions in, with his old eyes on the turrets of the Castle, the clash of arms in his ears, a scene from the long dead past played before him, the great gates opening, a long line of retainers riding out, lance and helmet shining in the sun, to do battle for King and country. Other dreams, other visions, always great, splendid, glorious; and, last of all, his own day, his childhood, his youth, his early married happiness, the death-bed of his wife.

And Dick laughed again, recklessly, out of the bitter madness of his soul.

"A week, then?" Take your week! What does it matter? There's no deeper hell here than in any other place!"

CHAPTER X.

"...it ran like fever through my blood."

Luther Swindover strolled through the Oak Room and found his sister sitting alone at the luncheon-table groaning under a solid mass of silver, the floral decorations looking like small oases in a desert of metal.

He did not apologise for his lateness, but looked at the fair girl, with her red hair and her plain clothes, as if she were an interesting stranger.

"Where's the old man?" he asked, and added, as if she somehow compelled courtesy: "Morning, Fay?"

"Good morning," she answered. "Father has just finished his lunch. Somebody came down from London to see him on business. Can't you get



Are you in doubt as to how you should use the length of spotted cream muslin you bought at the sales? Copy the simple gown shown above and wear blue ribbon with it.

JEWELS AND THEIR COLOUR.

The most beautiful turquoise are a perfect blue with scarcely a trace of green about them. But turquoise are very sensitive stones, and respond quickly to the condition of the wearer's health. It is an ascertained fact that the ill-health of their wearer turns the bluest stones green, probably as the result of acid in the system.

The pigeon-blood ruby stands at the head of the ruby family in cost and beauty—a colour so bright that it is difficult to describe. As a rule, the lighter-coloured ruby fetches a higher price than the darker one. In emeralds it is the medium shade—neither light nor dark—that costs the most.

The elaborate silk Princess petticoat to be donned with a Princess dress. The flounce is made of cambric, lace, and white ribbon, and so is the little camisole.

PRETTY FANS.

A tiny ivory fan is the latest form of Parisian fancy, and girls are hunting their family archives through to find those that were fashionable seventy years ago. Rich parents are this summer presenting their daughters with monogram fans. A girl carries a small silk fan of the folded variety, and is in the habit of opening it and laying it on her lap, and in the middle of the fan her name will be seen most exquisitely presented on specially wrought lace. Another idea is a blue linen fan with a monogram in the centre of it embellished with a little circle of green leaves. The appearance is very much as though it were a medallion set into the fan. And still another fan is made of taffetas with a worked medallion in the middle and a lace ornament at each side.



An elaborate silk Princess petticoat to be donned with a Princess dress. The flounce is made of cambric, lace, and white ribbon, and so is the little camisole.

anything to eat but ortolans and truffles in this house?"

"Can't say," Luther laughed hilariously. He was attired in faultless country garb, suggesting the morning gallop, a game of golf, a tramp across ploughed fields. As a matter of fact, he had just risen from his bed. "A sardine, and then a little chafroid, Thomas," he added, addressing a footman. "Don't feel bit like food, I say, Fay, did you have a row with the old man this morning? I heard his voice bellowing through the house."

"We had a slight disagreement," his sister replied, with a cynical curl of her lips. She looked at her brother across the table with scarcely concealed distaste.

"I'm off to-morrow," Luther said. "Can't stand this place. Too horribly dull."

"Doesn't father know anyone?" his sister asked.

"Not a living soul. The county must cut him dead. Didn't he tell you about it? He's not as a rule so backward in expressing his opinion of them. There's positively nothing to do. What did you do this morning?"

"I went for a walk."

"Great Scott! No wonder the old man was upset. He doesn't think the foot of a Swindover ought to touch the ground. I can't think why that person chap came to dinner last night."

"Nor me," retorted the maid dryly.

"Oh, rot! You needn't put on airs. It's only because the old man goes the wrong way to work. They'd know him right enough if he used a little tact. I don't have any difficulty up in town." His unwholesome face expanded into a broad smile of uttermost meaning.

"Indeed," said his sister in a voice of ice.

Luther was ruffled.

"Give me a newspaper," he said to a servant, and he read it ostentatiously when it was brought. But he glanced furtively at his sister, round the side of the page. He couldn't make her out at all. She was so ridiculously dressed. White flannel!

Was anyone could afford that? What was

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4/6

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GIBBS' SHAVING SOAP.

The Oldest, the Furthest, and the Best. It is Soothing to the Skin, allays Irritation, and makes Shaving a Simple and Pleasant Operation. Ask your Dealer for a Free Sample Stick.

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THE DAILY MIRROR.

EFFECT OF THE TOSS ON TEST MATCHES.

Analysis of Results in Last Ten Years Shows Necessity for Change of System.

LUCKY SPINNER WINS.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

The decisive defeat of the Australians in the present series of Test matches, and the part played by the spin of the coin, naturally sends the statistician hot-foot to his figures; and, taking the matches played, both at home and abroad, for the last ten years, the choice of first innings is proved an overwhelming advantage—an advantage, indeed, that, gained too often by either side, is distinctly unfair.

Of the twenty-four matches played to a finish since 1896, sixteen have been won by the side that won the toss, and eight by the team that lost it. In one of these latter the winning side was put in, so that the side having first bat has won seventeen times, and the side taking second claims seven victories.

In the first match in 1896, the Australians won the toss and lost the match, apparently through lack of nerve. Batting first, they only totalled 53 on a plumb wicket, a hopeless failure from which they never recovered. This was "Dick" Pougher's famous match.

Stoddart's Experiences.

In the second match the Australians won the toss and the game, though only after a tough struggle; the third match, who won the "Ashes," however, went to England, who won the toss and the game. In 1897 Stoddart called right in the first match, and won by nine wickets. Then he called wrong, and lost an innings. In the third match the same thing happened again. In the next match Trotter again beat Stoddart on the flip, and won the match by eight wickets. In the last match Stoddart called right, but his team had by now gone to pieces, and were well beaten.

In 1898 Darling was much luckier than he was this year, and won twice. In the first match he was right, but the game was drawn, greatly in the Colonial's favour. That was the famous match when Ranji was, according to universal opinion, well run out and given in, after which he saved the match. In the second, England batted first, but batted badly, and finally lost by ten wickets.

In the third Australia opened the ball, and the match ended in a fairly even draw; this was the game in which poor Briggs was taken ill, and Jack Hearne did the hat-trick.

The next match was also a draw, all in England's favour, and the Australians were only saved by Noble, who batted eight and a half hours altogether in the first innings and the follow-on. The fifth match was also a draw, only a missed catch robbing England, who won the toss and were on top throughout, of the match.

A. C. MacLaren took out the next team to Australia, but his side were not a match for the Colonials. The first match we won the toss and the game. In the second MacLaren won the toss, but the opposition in, and lost. In the third match the Australians batted too well and won, in spite of MacLaren's good luck. And in the fourth the same thing happened. In the last match the Australians batted first and won.

England Win at Last.

In 1902 the first two games were drawn. In the third and fourth Australia batted first and won. In the memorable fifth match Australia won the spin and lost the game after a great game. This was England's first win, in England, since 1896.

In 1903 P. F. Warner called wrong in the first match, but won the game; in the second he won both; in the third the Australians won both; in the fourth Warner won both and the "Ashes"; and in the fifth Australia brought off the double event.

This year, it is common knowledge, Jackson won the toss, on every occasion and gained two matches, while the other three were drawn greatly in England's favour.

From these figures it will be seen that, as I have frequently pointed out in this column, the system of deciding the first innings now in vogue is absolutely unsatisfactory. Conservative though cricket naturally is, facts and figures cannot be overlooked, and some step must be taken, and taken immediately, to remedy an effect and stupid custom.

F. B. WILSON.

HOWELL BOWLS FINELY.

STAMFORDSHIRE.

E. M. Cross b Armstrong 1 T. Driffield, b Howell 0

Thompson, lbw, b Hopk... 20 T. Horton, b Howell ... 0

kings 20 H. Simpson, b Howell ... 25

Cox, b Hopkins 25 H. Hawkins, lbw, b

Rawlinson, b Howell 10 H. Mason, b Howell ... 0

A. Thompson, b Howell 29 C. Smith, not out 5

R. Hawtin, c Howell, b

Lever 149 Total 149

AUSTRALIANS.

E. G. Gregory, c Smith, b Howell 55

B. S. Stoneman, c Smith, b Howell 55

D. A. Gehrs, b Cox 33 Extras 0

F. Laver, c sub, b Cox 3 Total (for 3 wkt) 240

H. Trumper, W. W. Armstrong, J. Darling, A. M. Noble

C. E. McLeod, and P. M. Newland to bat.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Yorkshire Forging Ahead—Lancashire in the Doldrums.

Seven county matches were commenced yesterday, and Australia opposed Northampton at Northampton. Of these the important games, in view of the championship, are those between Yorkshire and Essex at Huddersfield, and Lancashire and Derby at Old Trafford. These matches, and in fact all the series from now to the end of the season in which Yorkshire and Lancashire are concerned, are important.

* * *

Yorkshire made a fine start against Essex, and will have to do badly indeed now to lose. Essex were with us F. L. Fane, and J. Douglas opened the innings with Carpenter. He was out before he had scored, and Carpenter and Perrin soon followed him to the pavilion. McGahey and Sorenson made a bit of a stand, but Ringrose bowled finely, and captured six wickets for 79, Essex only making 171.

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Before the close good batting by Denton and Rothney took Yorkshire to 183 runs of the Essex total with seven wickets still to fall.

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A very different experience had Lancashire. Derbyshire won the toss, and Carpenter was sent back after lunch. At Asherton, Wright, Morton, and Lawton all did so well that a score which should place them beyond the likelihood of defeat was hit up. The day's play eventually realised 397 for seven wickets, and Lancashire, who can ill afford to draw a long game, will have to make a chance or renounce the championship, can already see the laurel leaves slipping away from their grasp.

* * *

Wright's innings was a brilliant piece of fearless hitting. He scored 50 out of 87 in an hour. The hundred went up in sixty-four minutes, and Wright eventually made 76 out of 130. Lawton made a brilliant century, and Morton had up a big score for the Peak county.

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Wellwood accomplished a capital bowling performance against Northampton, and just as though to emphasise the fact that his bowling was wanted in the Test matches, he captured six wickets for 44. Naturally, Northampton fared badly, being all out for 149, and the Australians did so well that a score which should place them beyond the likelihood of defeat was hit up. The day's play eventually realised 397 for seven wickets, and Lancashire, who can ill afford to draw a long game, will have to make a chance or renounce the championship, can already see the laurel leaves slipping away from their grasp.

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Lionel Palairat made 91 against Kent at Taunton. Palairat played a fine game, and wanted 15 for his century, the first man came in, and in trying to force him he was struck down. Kent made a grand start, thanks to Dillon and Seymour, and at the close had 141 up for three wickets before the fall.

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The last match of the season at Treant Bridge was com-

peted for by Middlesex, the conquerors. A.

O. Jones now another fine century, and Irrominger and G. Gunn also made the Middlesex bowling look a trifle soft. Bosanquet came in for especially severe treatment.

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Surey had a day's leather-punting at Birmingham. Finchwick just missed the century, and there was the usual level run of batting by the Midland side.

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BARGAIN.—10s. 6d.—3 chemises, 2 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 89, Union-nd, Clapham.

BEAUTIFUL baby-long Clothes; sets of 50s. articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval—Mrs. Mac, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BOOTS on Credit; Ladies' 6s., Gent's 10s. 5d.; good Business Suits, and tailor-made Costumes; 25s.; Cycle Suits from 16s. 9d.; Jackets, Mantles, and Drapery delivered small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; quick delivery.—Dept. No. 323, A. Thomas, 317, Upperst. Islington, London, N.

CLOTHED COMFORT.—Exquisite natural Irish Linen curtain covers, embroidered shamrocks, rich, tasteful, 1s. 1d.; glass cloths, breakfast cloths, tea cloths, etc.; prices Free; send postcard—Hutton's, 51, Larne, Ireland.

COFTY Shilling Suit for 10s. 6d.—Great Tailoring Offer.—Dear Sir.—To enable you to understand that England is not being beaten in tailoring, we send you a specimen of our advertisement this wonderful Gentleman's Tweed Suit for 10s. 6d. carriage free. Write now for our free patterns and measures, and we will supply you with material. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our real British great offer. Clerks write us. Managers write to us. Tailors write to us. We write to you, our clients, and our prices are an eye-opener to the world. You write us. Postcard will do. If you have no stamp at home postage is 2s. 6d. new—Globe Clothing Trust (Dept. D), 18 and 20, Oxford-st, next door Oxford Music Hall, London, W.

FURS—Long Russian sable hair Stole and Muff to match; only 12s. 6d.; approval—Nina, 6, Grafton-nd, Clapham.

GRATH to every Lady.—"Hosseene," the "perfect" "Santy" Towel, with circle to fit any waist; free by post.—Write Dept. 10, 10, Grafton-nd, Clapham.

LADIES only 2s. 6d. need be sent with your order for Costumes from 21s.; jackets, drapery, boots, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; quick delivery; patterns and self-measurement forms post free; quick delivery.—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 317, Upperst. Islington, London, N.

ONE Shilling weekly.—Clothing made to measure below shopkeeper's prices; good business suits from 27s. 6d.; Boots, 10s. 6d.; ladies' Jackets, Mantles, and tailor-made Costumes from 25s.; Cycle Suits from 16s. 9d.; delivered weekly; delivery charge included; balance monthly; illustrations post free.—Write Dept. 10, A. Thomas, 317, Upperst. Islington, London, N.

SEALSKIN jacket for 25 15s.—Lady learning for Colonies will send new fashionable saucie-shaped sealskin jacket; approval—Chaperone, 29, Holland-nd, S.W.

THERE'S a big sale now proceeding in the Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Department at Thomas's.—Those who have not yet written to us for our free patterns, which require on credit terms a greatly-reduced price; catalogues and self-measurement forms, and patterns post free to address—Dept. 611, Store, 317, Upperst. Islington, London, N.

THE USE of leather—body quality—not required—Particulars E. 21, Queen-st, London.

2s. per Pair—Genuine Police and Army Trousers; grand for work or evenings; carriage 6d.—V. Harrow and Co., 51, Bruce Castle-nd, Tottenham.

2s. 6d. Down will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit—Dept. 256—See also Co. Stores Style Credit Tailor, 2s. 6d. Cheapside and 256 Edward-st.

2s. 6d. Deposit will secure you a high-class suit or overcoat; West End cutters—T. Russell and Co., 137, Finchley-st, and 55, Cheapside (corner Bow-lane). All transactions confidential.

Articles for Disposal.

—Art Canvases—Mall Cart; gondola shape; very handsome design; owner will sacrifice high-class carriage for 24s. 6d.; carriage paid; 3 positions; quite new; approval—Post Office, Posto, 90, Hungerford-st, Stock Newton.

—Bargain—Sheffield Table Cutlery, service 12, table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel; Crayford Ivory balanced handles; unsolved; 10s. 6d.; approval—Mauritius, 90, Fleet-st, London.

A.A.—Pawnbrokers' Clearance Sale.—Full List Post Free on Application.

GENT.'S.—18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch jewelled, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled down case Albert seal attached; guilloche dial; 18-carat 5 topaz set, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S 18-carat gold-cased Keyless Watch, jewelled, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard; 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant design; guaranteed 15 years' wear; two together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

SHEFFIELD Table Cutlery; 12 tables, 12 dessert knives; carvers and steel; Crayford Ivory balanced handles; unsolved; 10s. 6d.

LADY'S solid gold (stamped) Keyless Watch, jewelled, 10 years' richly engraved, splendid timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard; 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant design; guaranteed 15 years' wear; two together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

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